

THE
SADDUCEE,

OR, A

Review of Some Pamphlets

LATELY PUBLISHED

ON

IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

BY MR YORICK.

“ Remove yon skull from out the scatter’d heap,
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why, even the worm itself disdains her shattered cell.”

BYRON.

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THE SADDUCEE.

THE good people of Edinburgh have for some time been amused with various Pamphlets distributed amongst them, calling their attention, with the help of their unbiassed and most unbigoted judgments, to an affair of a most serious and alarming nature ; an affair so replete with alarming consequences, so loudly demanding the interference of their legislative body, that perhaps few things since the death of Captain Porteous, have more attracted public and individual attention. We allude to the atheistical custom which has been lately adopted, (one more proof of the prevailing scepticism of the age) through nefarious, illegal, and unprincipled means, of destroying the peaceful slumbers of the dead !!!

This subject has inspired the spirit of Justice, Liberality, and Religion, to pronounce their anathemas against these wanderers of the night—these spoilers of the slain; and, consequently, we find that the windows of our Librarians, from the vender of the Regent's Classics, to the petty retailer of Tom Thumb, are crowded, gorged, and glutted, with these ingenious productions. Nay, moreover, the walls of our more noble edifices are defiled and polluted with placards, from St Giles' Church to Queen Mary's Chapel, from the Regent's Bridge to St Patrick's Square.

Not only are the daily and plebeian manufacturers of prose employed on this praiseworthy occasion, but the spirit of the Nine has been invoked, and the Muses have been called from the recesses of their whispering groves, to be arranged in full and plastic order on the four corners of the Tron Church.

We have, I hope, stated enough matter of fact to convince our readers that we are in earnest, and that the "whole is not a fable," but a thing of too much import to be passed over in silence. We have ventured upon this troubled sea, and we hope we have balanced our bark, which, small, humble, and diminutive as it may be, will no doubt carry us to the land of reward or persecution, as the breezes of commendation or calumny may chance to fill our canvas. We expect to meet with a stiff gale and contending elements,

Una eurusq. notusq. munt creberq. procellis Africus,

But as we consider the cause to be good, and as our only object is to diminish the sufferings of our fellow-creatures; by improving their morals, so are we prepared to meet with persecution.

We shall not, however, in order to obtain the honour of being called martyrs, go out into the streets and high-ways to be spit upon and scoffed at; we shall remain at home in our houses, and tie up our knockers, so that the persecution, if any, may be complete and genuine.*

We beg our friends, if any such there be, to refrain from visiting our mansions, till we have had time to escape to America, and there we shall be happy to see them.

To our more private friends, we beg leave to announce, we only intend to decamp twenty-four hours before the publication of our pamphlet, so that we shall be deprived of that most delightful and gratifying opportunity of seeing ourselves in print.

The whispering waves will no doubt bear us the opinions of our opponents; and I would describe them in Hudibrastic metre.†

“ A sect whose chief devotion lies

In strange perverse antipathies ;

* See Swift's *Tale of a Tub*.

† This is the fashionable metre of the present day, but specimens in the extreme.

In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
'Tis Presbyterian true blue."

If into the hands of such subtle disputants our pamphlet should happen to fall, their chief mercy would no doubt consist in committing the work and its author to the flames, for their sakes, lest hereafter they should have more sin to answer for, inasmuch as they had endeavoured "but vainly!!!" to turn others to the errors of their ways.

An epidemic has of late visited this town; but not the one which will occur at first sight to our readers;—one of a more serious nature, we mean the writing epidemic. This is by no means a new contagion, or a fresh imported disease. It was known to Columbus before he returned from his first voyage; and we find it in the writings of Sanchoniaton and Confucius. Some say it was known during the French Revolution; but of this we have no authentic evidence. It has had various names given to it, perhaps more than to the Cranium itself.* There are perhaps few diseases which have more resisted the means employed, than this most obstinate and untractable distemper.—For this, a few causes may be assigned; and none has operated more

* See *Tubs for Whales*.

powerfully than the spirit of persecution. Men have been found in all ages, even the darkest of Popery, who have dared, in spite of anathemas, to write and publish their opinions, though always at the risk of their lives, or at least the amusement of the Inquisition.

Another cause which has operated in a way unintended, has been the threat, though, if we may judge from circumstances, never put into execution, of being burnt by the common hangman—for either Jack Ketch had more important work upon hand, or, as perhaps is equally probable, was not sufficiently fee'd to undertake the office, which, neither productive of gain or credit, is unprofitable in the extreme.

There is a cause of a different nature, forming the second head of our first great division, worthy of mention, viz. the fostering care with which this has been nourished by some; and we find, that a writer of no less repute than Pliny, declaring, "*nulum esse librum tam malum ut non ex aliqua parte prodesset.*"

If this learned author had lived in our day, we may venture to say that he would have been less liberal in his opinion, particularly, if he had perused Cobbett's Journal, and B———d's Magazine.

So it is, and there is little doubt that this said epidemic has been handed down to us with but little variation; and that all the specifics and quack medicines, not excepting Barclay's Ointment for the

Itch, have hitherto proved ineffectual. We may observe by the way, that there are many symptoms in common with the itch and this disease, as the disposition it has to be tickled, and as Hudibras has observed on another occasion in rhyme.

As if divinity had caught,
The Itch on purpose to be scratched.

In the year of our Lord 1819, of his Majesty's reign 59, from the celebrated Jubilee 9, in the year of the rise and progress of the New College 30, and of the decline and fall of the old ———, this epidemic first appeared. It was at that important period the first of August, a time of Jubilee extatic, when each exulting individual looking into his own breast, sees there "lacquered and shining" M. D. engraved on every atom of the heart.

Such a time forms, in the annals of many, an æra which seldom or never returns, to march off with cypress and laurels, to look with piteous contempt on the humble brethren of the creation, still grovelling in misery, and looking with green-eyed jealousy on these paragons of science. The consideration of these things is, I repeat, sufficient to stir up the latent caloric of their souls, to make them bid adieu to the winter of their discontent, and to send them in a Berwick smack bound direct for London.

There are a second species who deserve to be mentioned, and who are classed under the title of

disappointed ambition ; and there is a strong and current report, that the primary symptoms arose in this quarter—

“ What great effects from little causes spring.”

Rome was saved by the gabbling of geese.— At this important epoch the symptoms first appeared, under the form of a comparative view of the schools of Edinburgh and Dublin

The symptoms were slight and soon subdued, for unfortunately the machinations of the evil spirit were seen through ; nor did the quantum of students on the succeeding session diminish in the ratio its author anticipated, when he set about the meritorious work of conversion.—It was indeed a false prophet.

It deserves no more notice than having, as many things of equal insignificance have done, laid a rotten foundation for a tottering superstructure ; for as mushrooms spring from dunghills, so did a crop of pamphlets rise from this hot-bed, which could not support its own offspring for even a few days. So feeble indeed was this original, that it was soon subdued ; and the type was changed from one language to another, and, Lo, RUBUS* appeared. Here was a challenge of a very serious nature, little to be understood—much to be conjectured about ; for we

* This not to be read Rufus—*red hair*.

are assured the radical is not known, and that the philosopher, to whom

Latin is no more difficile,
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle,

even assisted by his magic wand, could not develop the proximate and exciting causes of this variety.

We must here leap a few paces, and not notice in our way a production of singular merit, which intervened between the change from prose to rhyme. We can give the learned author every credit for the capability which we suppose him fully to possess

Of smuggling ale and chronicling small beer.*

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

We pass now to a more interesting and important epoch, when, by the magic wand of a Crispin, the Nine arose from their slumbers to sing the lay of the Cobler,

Who lived in a stall, &c.

This was not that same man of whom we read in "Mr Shakespeare;" and who, revelling in Pompey's blood, strewed flowers in Cæsar's way no sanguinary, such was he, no surgeon to old shoes, but the physician of the soul; which by sewing, nailing,

* We allude to the defence of the Edinburgh school, shewing the necessity of a previous knowledge of Anatomy.

waxing, and stitching, he hopes to keep in its mouldered tenement of clay.

We wish well to this honest hearted man, and to his honest endeavours; we also wish that his wearied limbs may again wax warm, which are now stiffened by age. We have, nevertheless, our doubts that he will, with his coadjutor, Bottom the weaver, “roar till the Duke shall say, let him roar again,” and still be unheard,

Peace to his manes—

we speak “poetically licentious,” and conclude him dead.

Ascending in the scale, we proceed up the Parnassian mountain, and find at the base a would-be poet, who informs us, what we should otherwise never have conjectured, that his production is a Hudibrastic poem. The only relation we can discover between this pretended imitator and the original, is, that his poem,

“Like the bear and fiddle,
Begins, but breaks off in the middle.”

This self-satisfied individual has given us no proofs that he is in any the least measure connected with

“That ancient sage philosopher,
Who had read Alexander Ross over.”

We can, at the utmost stretch of our fertile imagination, only dub him a squire following his knight,

at a very respectable distance indeed ; no more to be compared to his learned master, than the horse of the latter was comparable to Socrates. We would recommend him to read, with the attention so serious a subject demands, the first canto of Hudibras, keeping in mind the maxim, *qui capit, ille facit*.

We do not, in the mean time, by any means wish to discourage the young man ; for, in the words of the mighty and all-powerful critic Fadladin, “ if he will only totally change his style of writing and of thinking, we may probably like him very well. We may also observe, that as to the poetry, to say nothing more of it, it is execrable.”

The effects of example, of which philosophers have said so much, have perhaps never been better illustrated than at this period of the creation ; for not only has the subject of controversy occupied many citizens, but the style, manner, and all their unmultiplied absurdities, have been most accurately copied. In fact, as the beard of our much quoted author was, in cut and dye

So like a tile,

A sudden view it would beguile ;

so would the various productions claim their relationship in any equitable court *

* We do not here mean the Court of Equity ; for “ God forbid that his Lordship should send any fellow creature there,” as was once observed to the Lord Chancellor.

We leave this part of our duty with much reluctance; for we would only be serious when we cannot laugh, or when haunted by the fiend *ennui*. We have a predilection for poetry given us by our ancestors, one of whom was said to have a share in the composition of Chevy Chace.

We have now, therefore, following the system we at first laid down, but which we have not as yet laid before the readers, to take into consideration, a production of an extraordinary nature.

If there is, indeed, any genius in us, which we know to be but little—or if there is any power of discernment—or if we have ever been, or may ever be distinguished by our accumen, the acquirement of all these things is no doubt due to any but our own endeavours. We have looked long, but we have nowhere found it. If it exists, it is unknown to us, and would never have issued from its bony sepulchre. But,

“ When man, forgetting every kindred tie
That binds the living to departed friends,
Can break the sacred silence of the tomb,
For love of gain ;”

then do we venture to exclaim “ in the name of the Prophet—Figs.”

If we may judge from the profound depth of this author’s logic, we shall certainly believe him a member of the Speculative Society, after having spent

four years at the High School, and attended Classes six more. We shall review his arguments in detail. Our author asks—"do they ever think what are the feelings of a husband who buries his wife? A mother her child? To think that they cannot lie in peace in the place appointed '*for all living,*' without watching for *months* to prevent their inanimate bodies from being brought to the dissecting room, there to be cut into hundreds of pieces, their flesh torn from their bones by unfeeling students, and then committed to the flames, or to ravenous animals."

The author seems here to have assembled all the horrors which could possibly have entered his fertile imagination. We can only find its equal in the first book of the *Iliad*, or the history of *Jack the Giant Killer*.

We had not before supposed that the grave was the place appointed for all *living*, as we are shrewdly informed; we beg leave to apologize for our ignorance; and feel most feelingly all the sentiments of the author upon the occasion. We have now some more rational ideas of spirits, phantoms, ghosts, &c. than we before possessed, since it is the *living* that are buried, and not the *dead*.

To proceed upon the old presumption, however, that the dead *are* sometimes buried; when "to have their flesh cut into a hundred pieces by unfeeling students;" there is something, certainly, most horrible in this idea. The difference is very great no

doubt, in being dissected by worms and in being dissected by men. To be gnawed and consumed away inch by inch, is much less horrible, than to have a few clean and bold incisions made into their sacred bodies. It reminds one a little of the ancient punishment of the boat, which consisted in placing a man alive between two boats, leaving only his head out, which was besmeared with honey and other sweets, to assemble vermin; and in this way he might linger some fourteen days. Now this no doubt was a more merciful punishment than a guillotine. It appears to us that a striking analogy exists between the two cases; and we do not really see the difference in degree of horror, between being dissected by worms and by unfeeling students. It is true, no doubt, that worms may plead the cravings of nature, to make their trespasses warrantable; and we hardly suppose that students make use of the same argument, unless the terms "committed to ravenous animals" is meant to signify that students are also cannibals. The transmigration from flesh to flesh is a subject demanding attention; and we hope not to overpower the feelings of our author, when we assure him he is himself probably an Anthropophagus. We will suppose him a pious Rector, living in a pleasant part of the country near his church, and close to his church-yard. We will suppose him to keep a few domestic animals, as geese, &c. for his own private use. It may to happen that one of the

*My friend, I am sure it will prove
 a Bitter and a bitter experience
 Bitter but I am sure it will be*

flock stalking across the church-yard, may spy a poor individual worm, who a few minutes previous had been dining on a fat alderman, lately interred. This furnishes a luncheon for the goose; who, in his turn, is to furnish a dinner for his master and a few select friends on the succeeding Sunday. Stop reader—conceive thy state—thou art going to eat the body of that man, who a few days before was sitting at thy right hand.

Our learned friend then endeavours to prove that burial is of divine origin; which grant we willingly concede him. It is certainly *divine*, and almost *human*. There is an express command, also, which no doubt proves that the very necessary injunction should be attended to, “Let the dead bury their dead.”

We next hear of the inutility of this barbarous custom of dissection, which is so soon to be expunged from civilized society, as every thing that is necessary may be learnt at the Infirmary. We are well acquainted with the excellent mode of dissection there adopted, and the very great respect and decorum paid to the bodies exhibited; but we, nevertheless, venture to assert, that neither the author or his sapient friend have ever been there, if they make this assertion.

We have no time, though much inclination, to dilate farther hereon. The charge of stealing the bowels or chitterlings in private dissection, is too horrible to be noticed in this place. We much approve of the ingenious design of inclosing the remains in

a strong double-lid iron coffin; and we would recommend a suitable inscription upon the outer lid, sufficient to horrify, by its sacred import, a resurrection man in the dark.* We cannot follow the author through any more of his sound reasoning. We are surprised that he should confess that the burial is so much a matter of bigotry or prejudice. If a Japanese is snatched from devouring wolves, he asks, what would be the consequence? If an European is given to wolves or unfeeling students, what ought not to be the consequence? Are we less feeling than Japanese?

We must now quit this brilliant writer, not without some regret that we have sacrificed much time and a great number of arguments, to refute that which refutes itself. We, however, part on the most amicable terms; and if we have offended, we pray forgiveness. If our zeal for the cause hath carried us beyond the bounds laid out for debutants, we promise to withdraw our horns with all dispatch.

We recommend, as our parting admonition, that this worthy man leave directions to be placed in an iron coffin, to be buried 70 feet below the level of the sea; and that man-traps and spring-guns be placed over him for the first five years, to catch

* "Hic Deus sit," written with pyrofeus, would perhaps suit the occasion. See *Elegant Extracts*.

any geese or resurrection men who may feed on his grave.

We should now proceed to review some other productions of this nature; but we have already transgressed, and close with saying a few words on the “last, not least,” called

TUBS FOR WHALES.

We easily recognize this author; and though he may endeavour, by various necromantic operations, to disguise himself, still we see the metal buried in the ore. This is certainly the least voluminous of the Doctor's writings, but by no means the least interesting or pithy; and we only do him justice by saying, that every syllable is rounded with wit—every sentence with harmless satire. We strongly recommend him to put his whale in a butter boat.

To the Reader.

If thou hast traced us this far, we thank thy patience.—If thou hast abused us thus far, we thank thee that thou cannot abuse us farther.—If thou committest us now to the flames, we thank thee that thou hast spared us thus long.

We take a long farewell of thee,

“Craving thy forgiveness where we have offended,
No wrong is done as none is intended.”

We cannot retract—

“What is writ, is writ,
Would it were worthier.”

We have styled ourselves *The Sadducee*, as we
look forward to a better resurrection, than of this
vile body, which is but food for worms.

St Andrews, March 4.

We take a long farewell of thee

Thou art the first of many who have
 been taken from the world of the living

The eternal rest—

Thou art the first of many who have
 been taken from the world of the living

The first of many who have been
 taken from the world of the living
 The first of many who have been
 taken from the world of the living

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